



# Love



👁 178 ✓ 1 ★ 7

## Chapter 1 by The Author

What is love?

Love, for me was that warm and mushy feeling that you feel in the morning, when your under you blankets and nothing outside can touch you, love was what I felt when I saw my pregnant wife before I left for work everyday.

The problem, is that I lost my reason to love and it all began on the day the world stood still, the day the world realized the horrors and abominations of **War**.

## Chapter 2 by Macrotis



Love is useless in the face of death. It shudders and shies away. I could feel it shrinking away now as I stared into the face of my fallen comrade.

With a brashness that came only with a dead soul, I took his gun, taking the bullets before tossing it aside. I checked his pockets, taking anything of value. I left the photographs and the letters. His family would get those when the body was returned.

A cannon sounded and I ducked, careful not to shove my head into the corpse's lap. No one screamed. I wonderer if there was anyone to fire at anymore.

I then wondered if, in a metaphorical way, there were still people on the battlefield.

Someone shouted for us to prepare. I took my gun and put a hand on my

blade. I called out, telling them to

The response was another

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I knew that someone had been watching me for awhile but, I didn't know that it was

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